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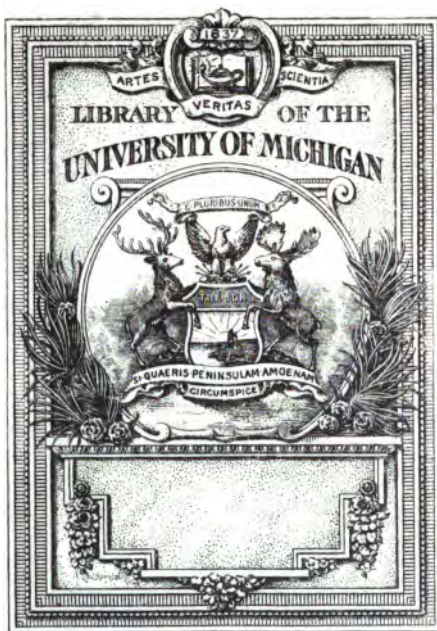
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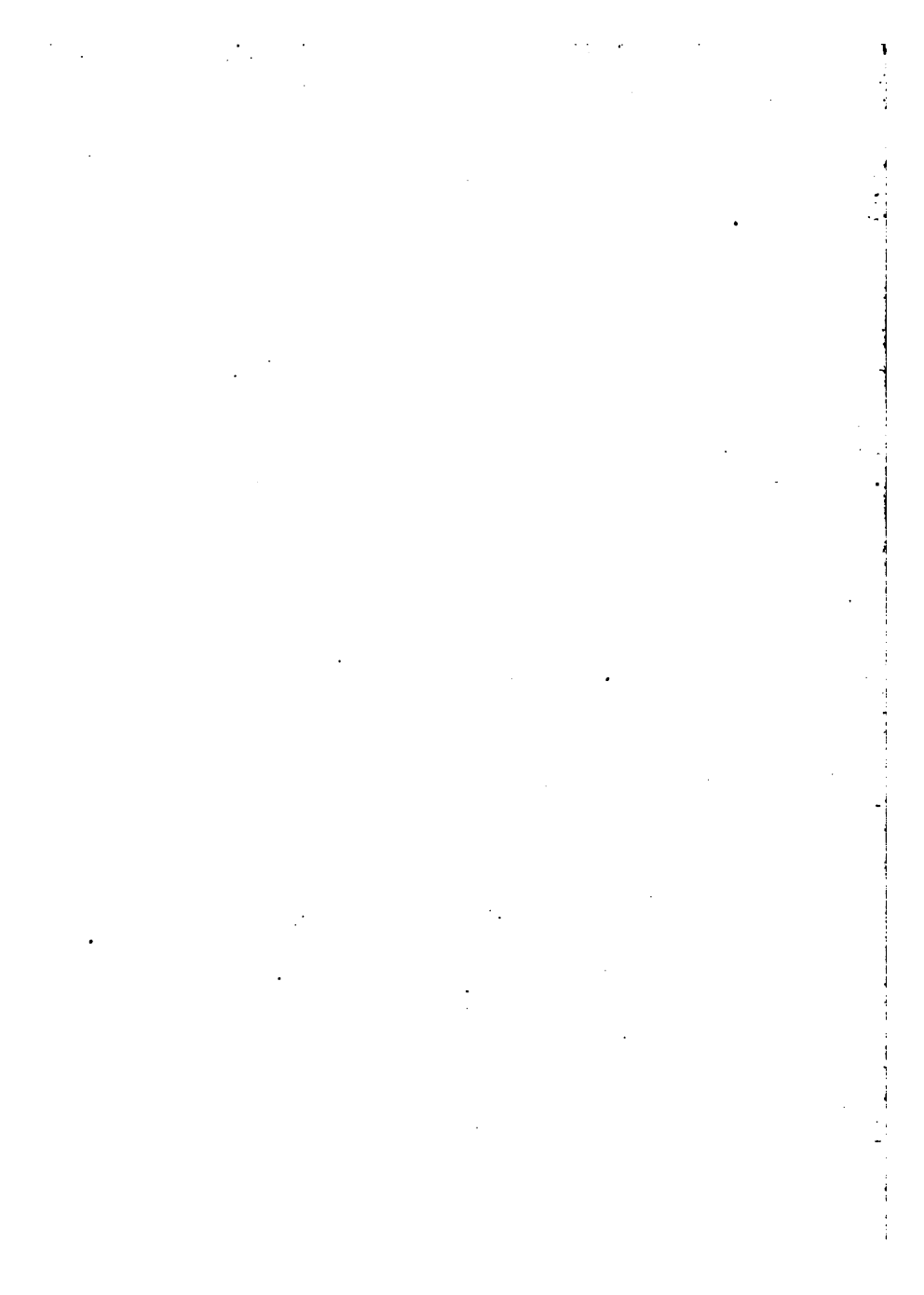
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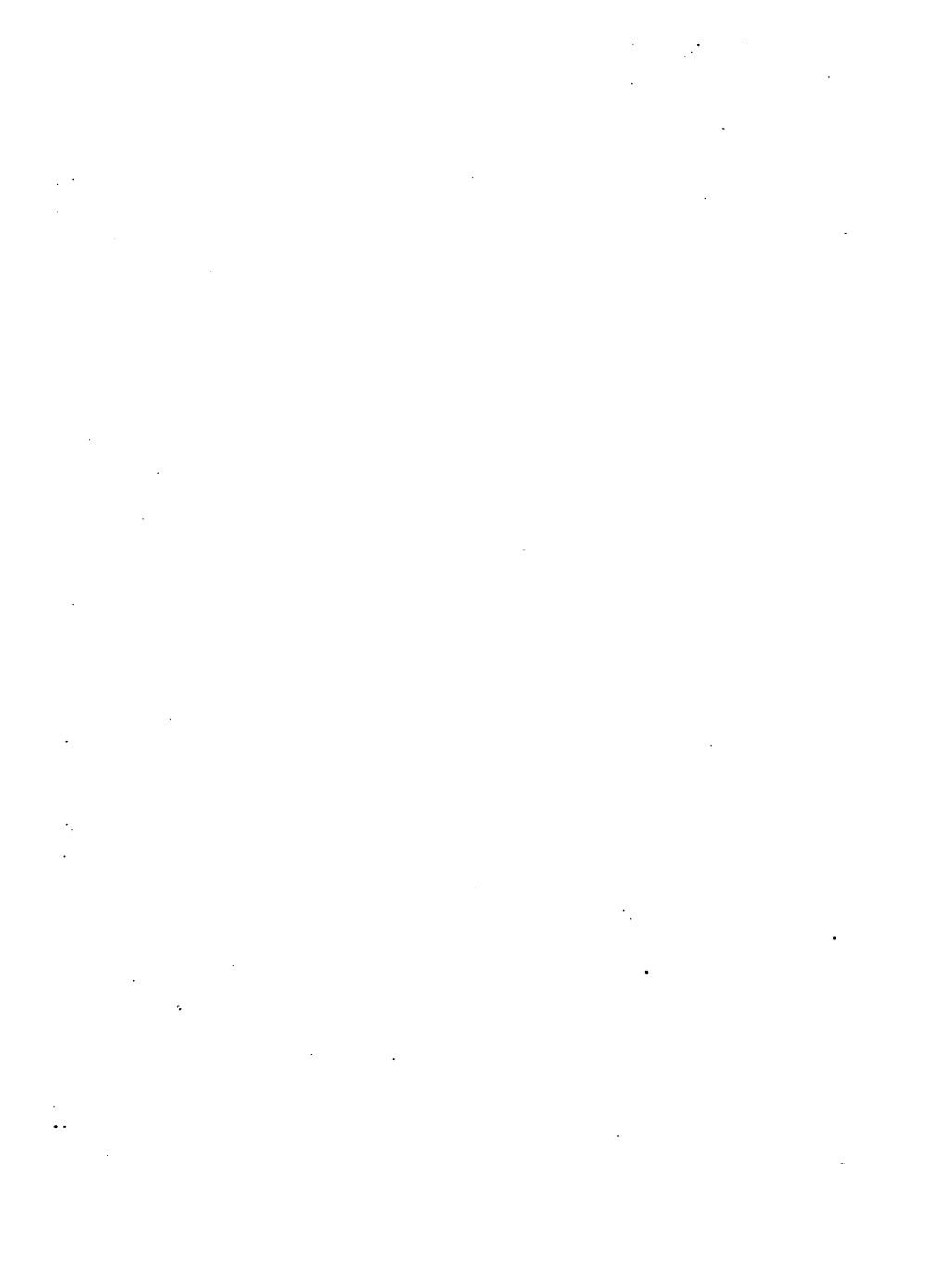
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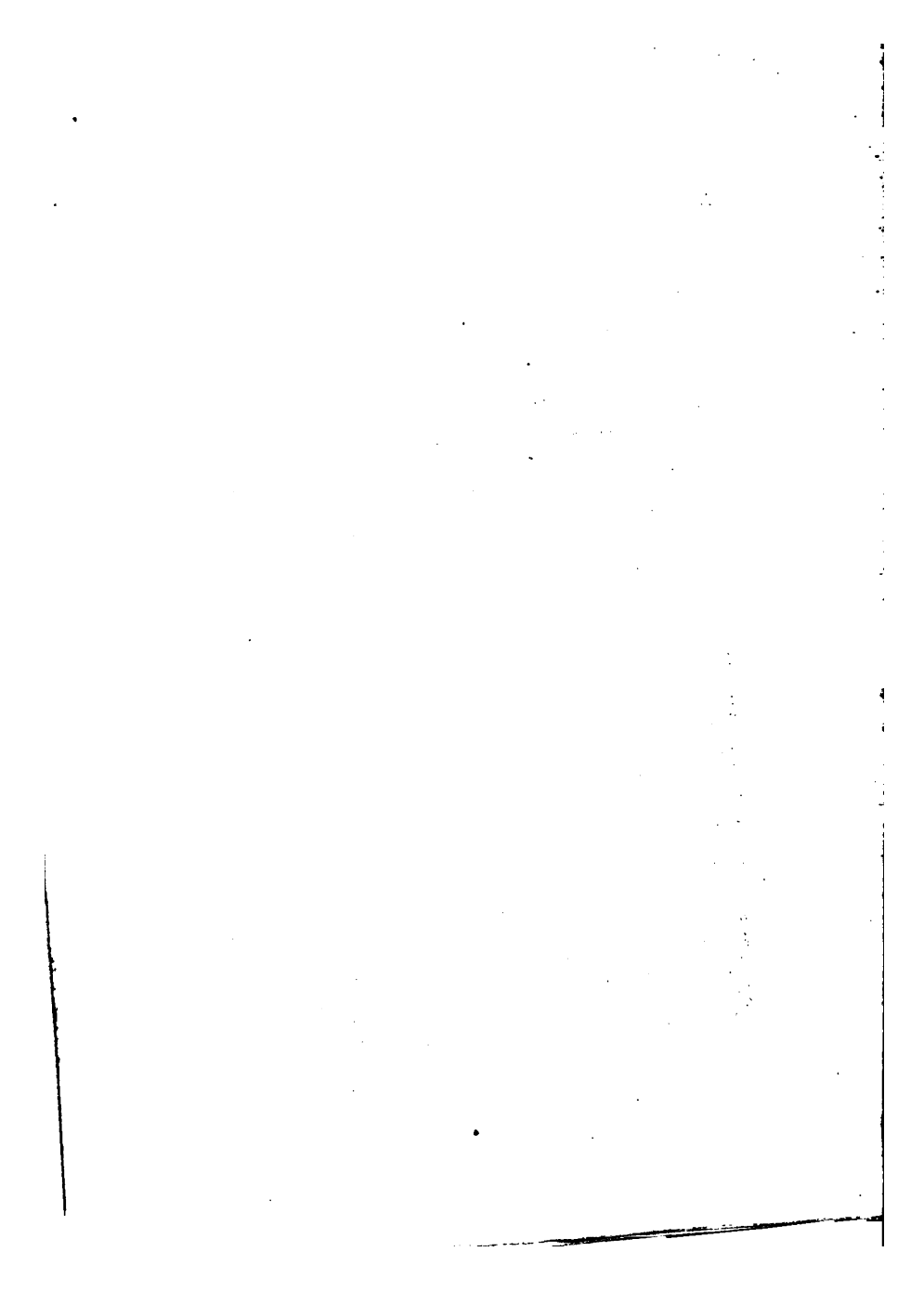
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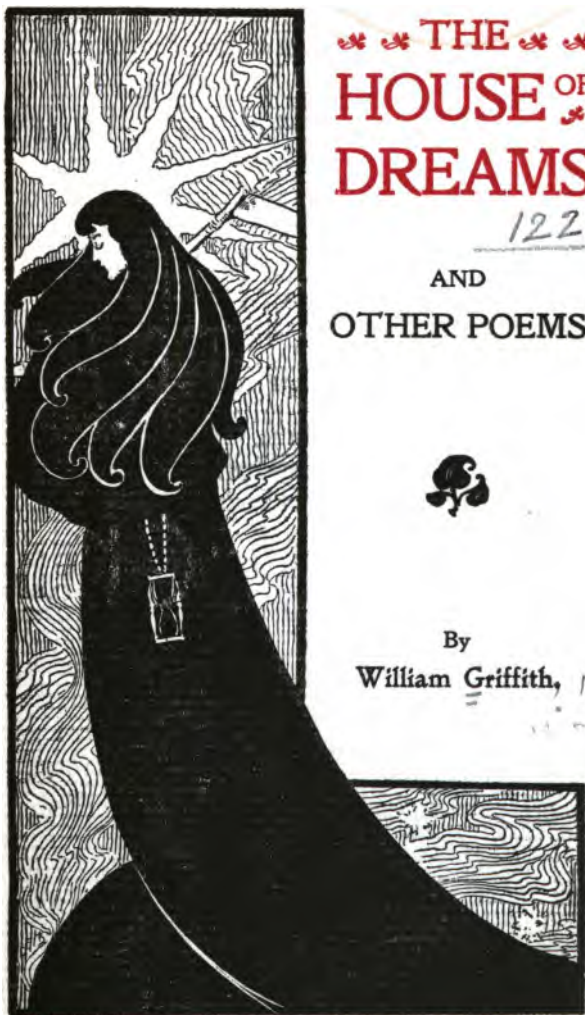
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THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.





THE
HOUSE OF
DREAMS

122197

AND
OTHER POEMS



By
William Griffith, 1876 -

1899.

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William Griffith.**

Recd. 10-31-21 E. W. S.

DEDICATION.

AS the earth to its Maker
Gives back His own making,
The rose to its taker
Resigns its own taking;
As the scroll to its reader
Reveals his own knowing,
The field to its seeder
Returns his own sowing;
As the mine undiscovered
Holds gems only known to it,
The mirror uncovered
Reflects what is shown to it;
As the music its sweetness
To its seeker gives pleasure,
Or as Song by its fleetness
Concealing its treasure,
To the loves of all loving
The love of the Nine is
As the most of my having
To its havens here mine is.

DEDICATION.

If the breath of all breathing
Be the life of all living—
And if Love thus bequeathing
Can get aught for its giving,
O dear, mystical Mother!
To the Sun, nested, swinging,
I bear nothing other
Than songs of thy singing.

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THE HOUSE
OF
DREAMS.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

To Charles G. D. Roberts.

A N azure dome of trailing galaxies
Way over hills and plains and seas,
Here in a world of dreams
The old house seems

So much like home at times, though never grown
Familiar really. Alone
On my monotonous way
From day to day

I wander through the rooms, across the floors
Of multitudinous corridors
Adorned with tapestries
No mortal eyes

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

On earth may ever fathom awelessly;
So marvelous they are to see,
With sceneries, designed
Ages behind

With overshadowing, terrestrial
Precipices where rivers fall
Obediently below,
Or great winds blow

Dark argosies of clouds above the deep
Blue seas as muttering thunders leap
Roaring ere the cowed main
Subsides again.

Ephemeral beings also seem to move
Or pause as if some Spirit wove
Them in a vision. So
Few seem to know

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Or realize there are more purposes
Of excellence than to possess
Materially the dross
Of gain and loss.

Withal, an audience of cheering hope
Engrossed among themselves, they grope
In search of hidden lore
Forevermore;

While some, with shuddering, despairing ways
Of hopelessness, about them gaze
Bewildered, speechless. There
Is such an air

Of mystery surrounding everything;
So many voices whispering
Of meanings weird and strange
Beyond the range

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Or reach of human utterance. There are
Dear forms and faces waiting far
Away, but not above
The will of love.

Alluring as the miracle appears
On musing, more than twenty years
Companioning as thralls;
At intervals

Emerging from my doorway, in the sun
Of many a drowsy afternoon
Or morning soft and warm
With Spring, they swarm

In multitudes along the thoroughfares,
Oblivious that each phantom wears
His cowl as though afraid
The masquerade

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Were ineffectual or otherwise
Bewildering discerning eyes
With revelations more
Revered of yore.

Day after day while men and women pass
Me clustering together as
If fearful to intrude
On solitude

Asunder (mortals really appear
So comfortable on more near
Acquaintance) I believe
They never grieve

Or have real sorrows of the soul. A few,
More knowing, seem as if they knew
Them foolish who complain
That all is vain:

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

While, strange to say, not one of them but strives
Indomitably a while, and thrives
Or wanders from the quest,
As may be best

Of all when all is over—everyone,
Of course, whether with duty done
Or with remorseful end,
Will comprehend.

Sometimes with the unanimous appeal
Of faces showing me the real
Truth of themselves, I walk
With them and talk

On business or comfortable things
Of human interest. It wrings
My wondering soul to learn
How much they yearn

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

With wistful eyes for something on obscure
Horizons over hills that lure
All mortals on with views
Illuminous

With Paradisal mirages away
Beyond my caravanseraï
Immuring everyone
Under the sun

Beneath impenetrable mazes. Most
Of all I marvel where my Host,
As Ghibelline or Guelf,
May house Himself

Among us on the premises—always
Evading my inquiring gaze
Effectually and dense
As reticence

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Regarding whomsoever may profess
To know immortal messages,
Bearing the signature
Of Heaven, lure

The simple and the curious. It seems
There are innumerable themes
Becoming obvious
Enough to us

Who raise the awful tapestries. We cower
Amazed and terrified when our
Own mortal Visage looms
Up in the rooms

Yonder disclosing the ineffable,
Self-same, illuminating, well
Known features with the wise,
Sad human eyes

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

On fire with smouldering meanings full of wild
Desires commingling with the mild,
Harmless reproaches of
Enduring love.

Albeit maddening demons haunt the place
So ominously, not a trace
Does wall or door reveal
Of all that steal

In, time to time, with voices summoning
Belated hosts whose harrowing
Reverberations roll
Around my soul.

Mumbling and daft and crazing as the moan
Or plangent sobbing of some lone,
Unfathomable sea
Alluring me

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Away from all my fellows—day and night
Urging and mastering despite
The most unyielding lust
Born of the dust.

Whenever death may choose to terminate
Our joyous intercourse and wait
On mortals evermore
Beyond my door,

Just during some calm evening may the voice
Of Nature, bidding all rejoice
In wilding beauty, be
The call for me

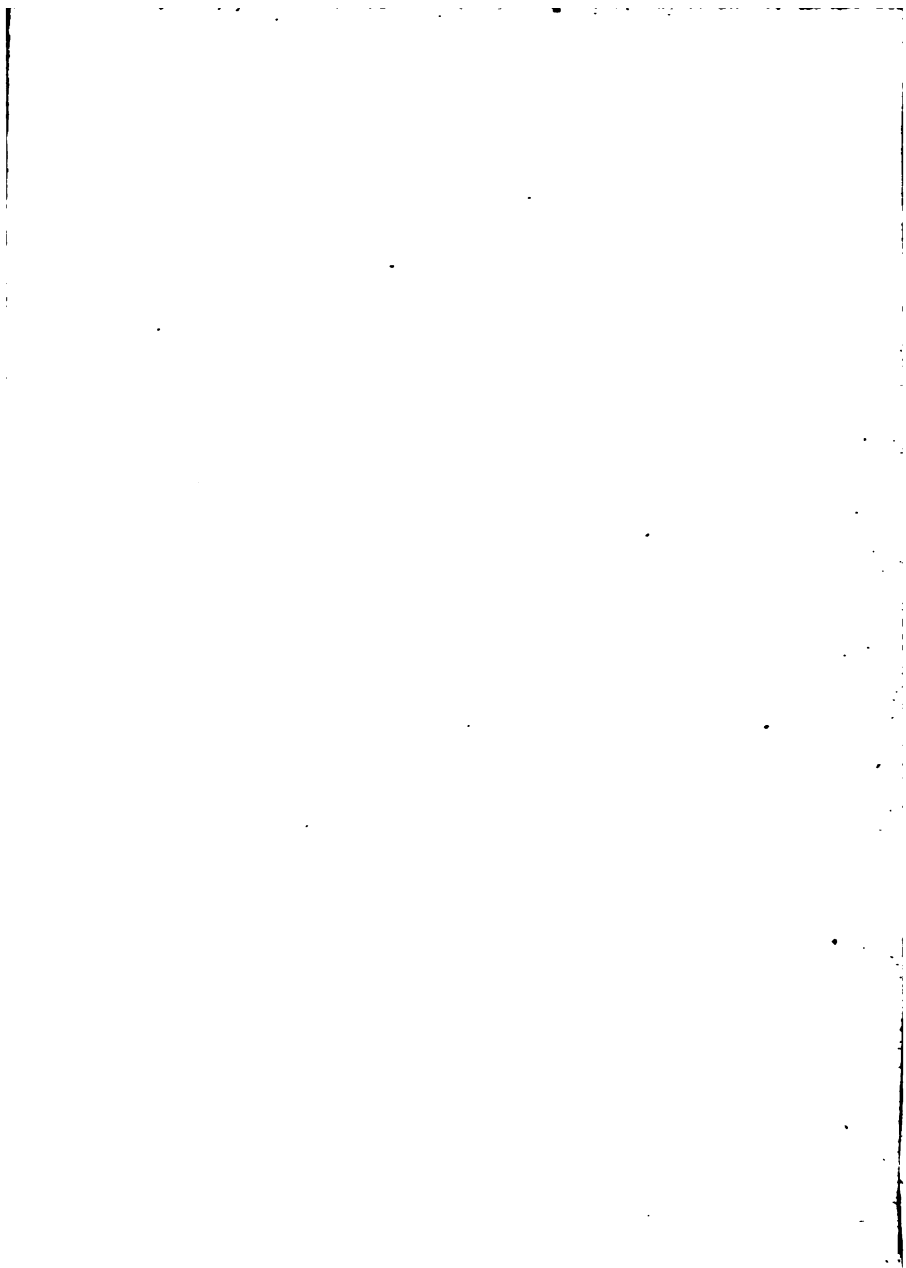
On the eternal hills with stars and breeze
In fellowship, becoming these
Same forms as they have been
Or known or seen

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The vast infinitude wherein must be
Once more a hazy memory
Of glimmering chambers trod
Alone with God.



**SONGS
OF
THE WORLD.**



A LITANY OF THE NATIONS.

*The nations shall rush like the rushing
of many waters and shall be chased
before the wind. ISAIAH XVII. 13.*

GREECE.

A THOUSAND æons wandered down the seas,
And at one great, immortal voice,* the sweet
Tranquility of marching silences
Was broken at my feet.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

*Homer.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

ITALY.

A Janus form and still a spheral bride
With steadfast eyes set toward Rome's glories
gone,
Afar I clomb and wept and hailed my wide,
Reincarnated dawn.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

FRANCE.

Vine-clad, imperial, majestic—save
Gay mediæval heroes of romance,
Orion wheeleth over whom more brave,
More beautiful than France!

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

SONGS OF THE WORLD.

SPAIN.

A world between my hands, down south the Line
Rode galleons abroad, and from the prize
I laid Golconda at her golden shrine
And worshiped Avarice.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

SWITZERLAND.

From mountains crowned with freedom, I repeat
The skies' great secret, Time's eternal quest,
Above the nations thundering at my feet—
And overlook the West.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

GERMANY.

Antiphonal and broadcast, as of yore,
Adown Saharan wastes, from shoreless seas
Of wildest, rippling dulcitude, I pour
Earth-flooding harmonies.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

RUSSIA.

All Winters come and all the Summers go,
And all the starry watchmen sally forth
Above yon thousand hills where waiteth—lo!
The Warden of the North.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

SONGS OF THE WORLD.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Far-flung and overstrown, by British sails,
With border-fringing colonies—unfurled
And spread from my broad shoulders—downward
trails

The raiment of the world.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

AMERICA.

Westward, O westward still all empire goes!
And westward where the cosmic balance lies
High on my palm, the splendid Future glows
Forever in my eyes.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

JAPAN.

Amid the warring peoples I, that slept
And dreamed of wide dominion—confident,
Ambitious, urging and sublime—have stept
Out from the Orient.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

CHINA.

August, majestic, hapless, overrun
By crowding multitudes, and still elate
With Time behind, above me moves the Sun,
Oblivion and Fate.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, O hear us!*

SONGS OF THE WORLD.

TURKEY.

Over the Orient a trumpet peals

From Heaven, reverberating on the sweet,
Cold, shuddering starlight as a nation kneels
For mercy at Thy feet.

*Mother of Nations, as of yore
Remember us and, near us
Beseeching Thee forevermore,
Hear, still hear us!*

THE BLIND ORGAN-GRINDER.

A Ballad.

A thousand ways the millions toiled—
And still throughout the land, elate
With whetted fangs, the factions coiled
Around a pallid State.

The Winters came; the Summers went;
The wan stars fled before the sun;
The bow of darkness still was bent;
The nations thundered on;

And Spring, in happy, sweet amaze,
Still as of yore, her cheeks impearled,
Spread like a carpet for the days,
The beauty of the world:

SONGS OF THE WORLD.

While night by night, now dim descried
In galaxies—a starried zone,
The smouldering cities, far and wide,
Like constellations shone.

Wherein begrimed from year to year,
With warring souls amid the slime,
Men herded through the streets to hear
The heaving anvils chime.

Lawyers and workmen—slaves of Fate,
With beggars, harlots, wives—a proud,
Majestic, surging, squalid, great
And many-featured crowd.

For this was even such a time,
With men unholy, women bold,
As once in that far eastern clime,
The prophet had foretold:

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

When rich and poor alike, grown lewd,
With brazen scorn upheld above
All else, all vice—defiling good
As mockers of sweet love.

And on the masses surged and swayed
Adown the night with pulsing feet,
Where some forgotten beggar played
An organ of the street

Close to the curb, unnoticed save
By one companion at his side;
His little daughter, poor and brave:
“A penny, please!”—she cried.

“A penny, please!”—The crowd moved on
Heedless of that weak, piteous cry;
They had no time for such, and none
Had ears for charity.

SONGS OF THE WORLD.

The day at last swept through the dawn;
The twilight lilies, one by one,
Faded around the stars—the lone
Outriders of the sun,

While morn set in; the beggar still
Turned out his doleful organ tune;
Hungry and blind he toiled until
The slow sun stood at noon.

When lo! within his ear a faint,
Approaching, dulcet harmony
Began with allegrettos quaint
As of some melody

Lost in a wilderness of far,
Melodious oboes keen and strong,
Wherein one lone, belated star
Had broken into song.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The day wore on; the twilight lowered;
 Again night came, and still in sweet
Orchestral strains the music poured
 Its marvel through the street.

Starvation stared athwart the gloom:
 The beggar, stranger to a meal,
Hastened to meet his awful doom
 With one last wild appeal—

“O Father, Father God, here take
 Here take me! Daughter, come,”—he said.
Dread silence reigned. Starved, starved!
 Christ's sake!
The little girl was dead.

Straightway from Heaven a cloud was lowered
 Above that strange, majestic throng;
From aching flutes archangels poured
 Sweet music full and strong.

SONGS OF THE WORLD.

Someone approached the sleeping pair:

All Heaven drew nigh—a galaxy
Of radiant eyes with faces there
Beneficent to see.

"Come," said the Stranger, "now arise;

The seraphim await you here!"

Then fell, he knew not, from Those eyes,
A diamond or a tear.

Lo, straight at Heaven's gate they stood!

God led them in; the angels sang;
Like sweet bells chiming through the blood,
The echoes softly rang.

Whence looking out far down below

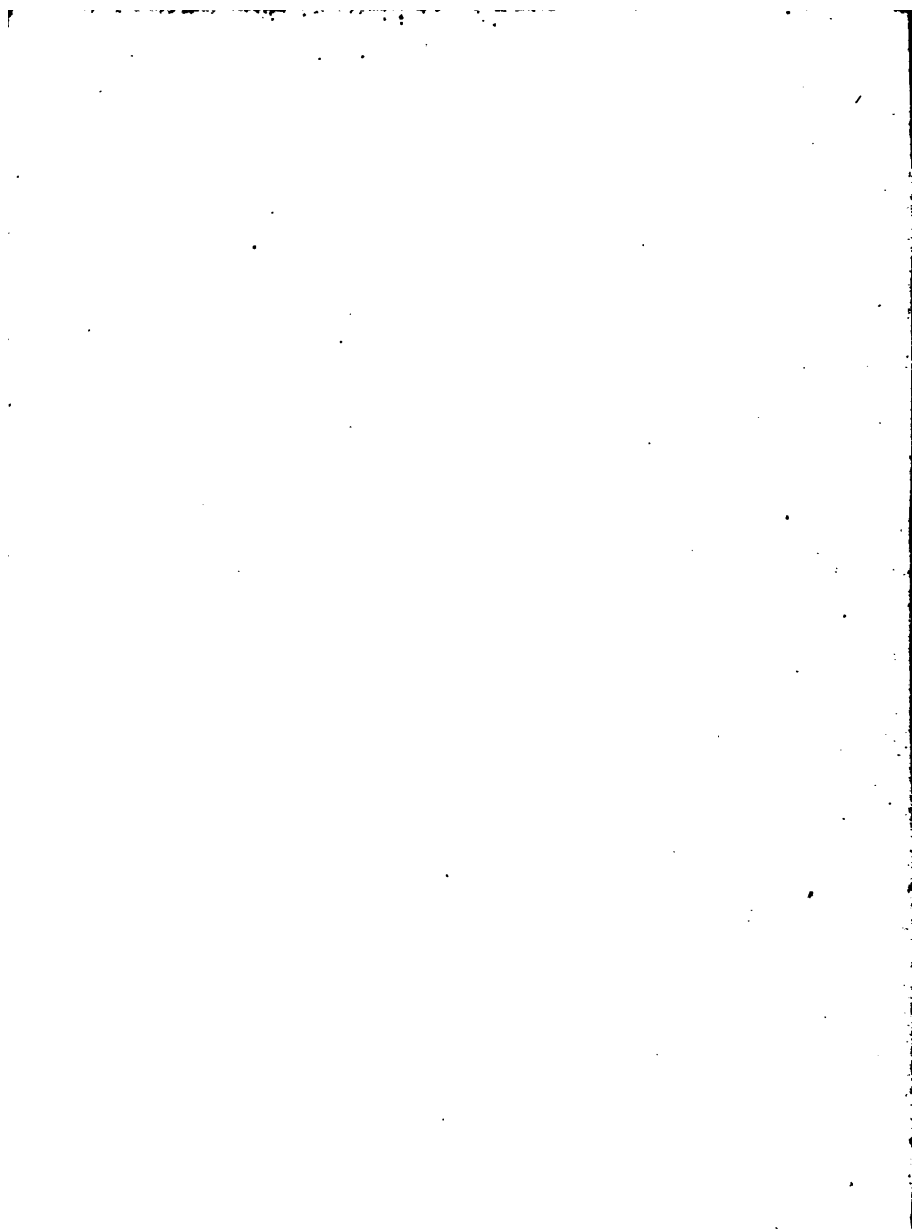
The systems whirled, while far away,
A crimson, driving flake of snow,
The earth stood back to day.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

And Winters come while Summers go;
The wan stars flee before the sun;
The Night yet bends her darkened bow;
The nations thunder on;

While still in happy, sweet amaze,
The Spring, her rosy cheeks impearled,
Spreads like a carpet for the days,
The beauty of the world.

ITINERARY.



WAYFARERS.

A COMPANY we are of queer,
Masked wanderers who here
Carouse
In our wide house;

Arriving ever since the prime
With multitudes who climb
Its stair—
Say, ah, say where!

Whether as guests or captives who
Do angels but pursue;
Of heaven
At birth bereaven.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

All who are fleeing from the grace
Of yonder pitying Face
You shun,
What have you done?

As buds afar, ere blossoming,
As flowers, ere reaching Spring,
May know
Some prescient woe,

Awaiting final ministries
We revelers, ill at ease,
Attend
The gradual end.

A wanderer beneath the sun
Himself remembers one
Who viewed
The multitude.

ITINERARY.

Albeit he was hopelessly
Misjudged and never free
From strife,
He lived *his* life.

So far from Paradise removed,
On earth his spirit roved
The well
Scorched paths of hell,

Unnoted even while, endued
With penitence, he sued
Those wise,
Averted eyes.

Alas! how far away his call
For mercy, knowing all
Would be
A mystery

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Of holier divining, yet
Unable to forget
The fears
Of many years;

Believing never mortal spirit
Intended to inherit
A lone
Oblivion.

Oblivion—unwilling Will
Outbreathing from the still,
Vague stress
Of consciousness.

Whereover at One postern light
When, roving that long night
Abroad,
Far on the road—

ITINERARY.

Some calm, lone, summer morning we
World-wanderers may be
Returned one company
Of yore,
At Home once more.

TRAMPING.

*Children of Nature waiting, all
Expectant of Her certain call
For us, we loiter at the heart
Of Summer—ready to depart.*

OVER the hills from the jostle and press
Of the aching and hollow weariness,

With the heart of a child once more, and free
As the joyous voice of the sun to the sea,

Leaving the world behind, with its cares
Thronging the busy thoroughfares

ITINERARY.

All day long where disguises harass
A soul, we wave and whistle and pass

Over the bridges, out through the broad
Gates of the Summer and down the road.

Merry as gypsies following one
Hope in the distance beckoning on

Illusively as a soul endued
With the calm, mysterious solitude

More glorious because of a word
Of wonder filling the song of a bird,

We are away with the daffodils
On the myriad trail of a thousand hills.

Climbing many a sloping lawn
Skyward over the valleys, on

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The summits lingering to gaze
Over the billowy leagues of maize

Waving miles away and far
As the calling waters are

Bidding us explore the rude,
Joyous freedom of the wood.

A warbling chorus overhead
Of rapturous voices, and a bed

Down in the valley where a flush
Of glory mantles the underbrush

Of dewy leaves. O leaves and dew,
We are but wanderers with you

Dear sharers of ephemeral
Mortality that, during all

ITINERARY.

The trampling marches of the rain,
Awakens, wanes and sleeps again!

A glimpse of sorrow while we press
On exploring the wilderness

Of regions never known to tire
Out the wandering desire;

Garrulous as idle leaves
Gossiping on Summer eves

Over the forest, over the lone
Avenues in a monotone.

Miles on miles of forests ere
Wearying voices of the air

Summon us as comrades bent
On sharing the same commodious tent

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Of darkness starrily pitched at night
By the wandering waters of delight.

Heaven glimmering in between
The rustling foliage of green

Above us chiming merry tales
Around the camp-fires in the vales.

All night dreaming of the shrill
Whistles of the whip-poor-will

In the wilderness, as they
Of the comrade spirit may

Only who must breast the chance
Blows of passing circumstance.

Able from our souls to lend
The word of courage to a friend

ITINERARY.

Or a brother who must face
Being with the commonplace;

Over hills and woods and streams,
Whistling down the road of dreams

Evermore, we journey as
Comrades going home who pass

Waving fellows of the sod
In the company of God.

THE WANDERER.

*I loaf and invite my Soul . . .
How curious! How real!
Underfoot the divine soil—Overhead
the sun!—WALT WHITMAN.*

A COMFORTABLE fellow, poor
As he appears
Withal, and I have known him more
Than twenty years

To seem so reticently wise
With mortals, save
For such interrogating eyes,
Rivals the grave.

ITINERARY.

And evermore awaiting news,
Day in and out
Across the busy avenues,
Wanders about

Soliciting a word or two,
Or just the hand
Of some old crony passing—you
May understand

That heavy touch of loneliness
Acknowledged when
Amid the shouting and the press
Of many men.

They say an oddity and yet,
With fewer dimes
Than pockets even, I have met
Him oftentimes

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Recklessly squandering every cent
That he was worth,
On some slack-coated mendicant
Of Mother earth,

Repenting leisurely. I ween
Another ell
For his own covering had been
Acceptable.

And while oblivious of that
Inquiring gaze
Occasioning such glances at
His funny ways,

Reveres existence, thinking less
Of ways and woes
Than yonder millionaires who bless
Mammon, and goes

ITINERARY.

On bankrupting description so
 Completely through
The spacious thoroughfares as though
 He never knew,

On all the earth, apparently,
 Another home
Commodious as having free
 Expanse to roam.

An alien and waif who seems
 So far away
From all the customary themes
 Of every day;

Appearing usually above
 Familiar
Surroundings as acquaintance of
 Another star

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

I dare believe, or intimate
 With more than one
Of yonder pensioners that wait
 Upon the sun

All Summer in the retinue
 Of frontier flowers
That vanish only to pursue
 The racing hours.

Outlandish upper story? Well,
 Of all the muss
And trumpery men ever tell
 Of, curious

Old fashions from the cloisters brought
 Beneath his hat
And cupboarded forever—not
 A word of that

ITINERARY.

To any one, or I shall be
Constrained to share
Reproving consequences—see
That shadow there

Beyond my table, moving out
Across the floor
At intervals. Someone about
The corridor

Eavesdropping probably: these rooms
Hear everything
Above the slightest whisper—comes
Of gossiping

Of course, and so as quietly
As possible
Another moment! On a spree,
The neighbors tell

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Each other, preferably he roves
 Across the blue
Ranges of Autumn often—loves
 The people too

And idolizes children as
 A wanderer
Kinsman following with the grass,
 Can well aver;

Albeit not another knows
 Him really
Beyond appearances, so close
 And quiet he

Arranges matters that some day,
 When April fills
The world with glory, he will stray
 Over the hills

ITINERARY.

Far down across the Summer, hand
In hand alone,
Once more, with Nature's children and
Just be as one

Incorporeal with the dews
Of skies and breeze,
Wayfaring on the avenues
Of dreams and peace.

THE VAGABOND.

ALL day at ease, from street to street
I stroll about the town;
Sometimes with scarce enough to eat,
While sometimes, up and down
Upon my face, the passers trace
A dislocated frown:

For one thus roving through the land
With Hunger playing wife,
Begins right off to understand,
While dancing to the fife,
The comedy, the greatness and
The littleness of life.

ITINERARY.

My clothes may claim to be akin
To cousin-german shreds,
For often chalkily the skin
Peers through the latticed threads;
But when a man begins to plan
And hum and haw, he weds

An inconvenient, shrewish Fate—
Tell them for me—and Pride,
In masquerade, is but a late
Collector who must ride
Unrecompensed from gate to gate
Where gentlemen reside.

Once long ago it was my luck
Or fortune, as you leave,
By stumbling over Love to pluck
Some devil by the sleeve;
Whence through a dame my purse became
The double of a sieve.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Wherefore I took me to the last
Resort of poverty;
Compelled to break a gnawing fast
Or starve, one night when she,
My love, lay sick—I choked the past,
With Hell drawn nigh to see

A man defying God. I stole;
To save a wife—to save
The only one in all this whole
Creation who forgave
The little sin of Nature in
A conscientious slave.

But well I know a storm is more
Than many think they raise;
That there is many another poor,
Forgotten devil pays
Some ferry-fare to carry o'er
The marks of other days.

ITINERARY.

So, while the moments slip and slide
From Winter into Spring,
With hedges flushing either side
The country lanes, I bring
Across the mart a foolish heart
To hear the finches sing

Of gypsy joys beyond the town;
Where daisies climb the scars
All Summer from the shouts that drown
The birds—their happy bars;
The while I wave and pass far down
Beneath the silent stars.

QUEST.

AMONG the daisies of the lanes,
Oblivious of all merciless
Desires, a rover on the plains
Of Beauty sought for happiness

A little hour or so—and tears
Fell on the branches of the tree
Where he had plucked the petaled years,
As fewer grew the days to be.

The shrill and aching tears became
As quenching dew beneath the sun;
And happiness was but the same
Old hope that better would be done.

REQUIESCAT.

Comrades,

A FOREST of weary days
We explore—but O why gaze
Or point where a vanished face
Passed over the sundown rills,

When the blue-bird voices sing
That all chance remembering
Must be as a migrant Spring—
And a hunter gone from the hills?

LYRICS.

DREAM OF THE HILLS.

A DREAMER worn with many dreams
Of weariness, borne in to me
Unsummoned, subtler than the themes
Impassioning the sea

Melodiously, some lyric note
Or something whispered by the breeze,
Drives my heart welling to my throat
With old-time memories

Of harvest-homes and fair demesnes
With all the meadow-farms, and O
Across the hills, familiar scenes
And faces long ago!

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Lo, lo—a waft of magic wands!
The city fades away; bedight
With miles of shade, the orchard lands
Sweep slowly into sight:

As far off past the little town
And highways flushed with happy rains,
My aimless footsteps idle down
The quiet Summer lanes.

I see the woods; I hear the quail's
Wild whistles where the placid rills
Flow down forever by the dales
And cattle on the hills.

A sloping ridge; with shaded eyes
Above the waving fields of hay
Below me, only sunny skies
And reapers far away.

LYRICS.

And faint winds whisper here and there,
And something passes in the breeze
Beyond all thoughts, and thrills the air
With dewy memories

Of old-time haunts and fair demesnes
With thriving meadow-farms, and O
Across the hills, familiar scenes
And faces long ago!

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

THE earliest lark had climbed to meet
The sun, and though the Forest swept
Her rustling skirts o'er vanished feet,
The light prints told where Morning stept;

While sifted through the bashful gloom,
The soft daylight fell pink and fair;
The world was all one rosy bloom
With mantling blushes in the air.

For O a beauteous sisterhood
Of blossoms there together grew—
And there a little primrose stood
As Nature drew her curtains to!

LYRICS.

She dreamed her dreams, and never gazed
Beyond her little curtain fold,
Before the Twilight came and raised
For me a little face of gold.

Although it was a little face
And but a primrose Time had sown,
None other saw her shyly raise
The beauty that was mine alone.

And somewhere, if I only see
In passing, dropped from hour to hour
Down through the years, Love has for me
A little flower, a little flower.

THE DAFFODIL.

A TRAMP of hoofs, one steady beat
Of heavy wagons through the street
All day—and still,
Here in the dust a little sweet
Spring daffodil

Lies trampled under, roughly torn;
No more so gladly to adorn
Or O to raise,
With sister blossoms to the morn,
An eager face!

The woodland waters shall relate
Thy tender graciousness, and wait
Amid the fern,
Oblivious, laughingly, of Fate,
Some rare return:

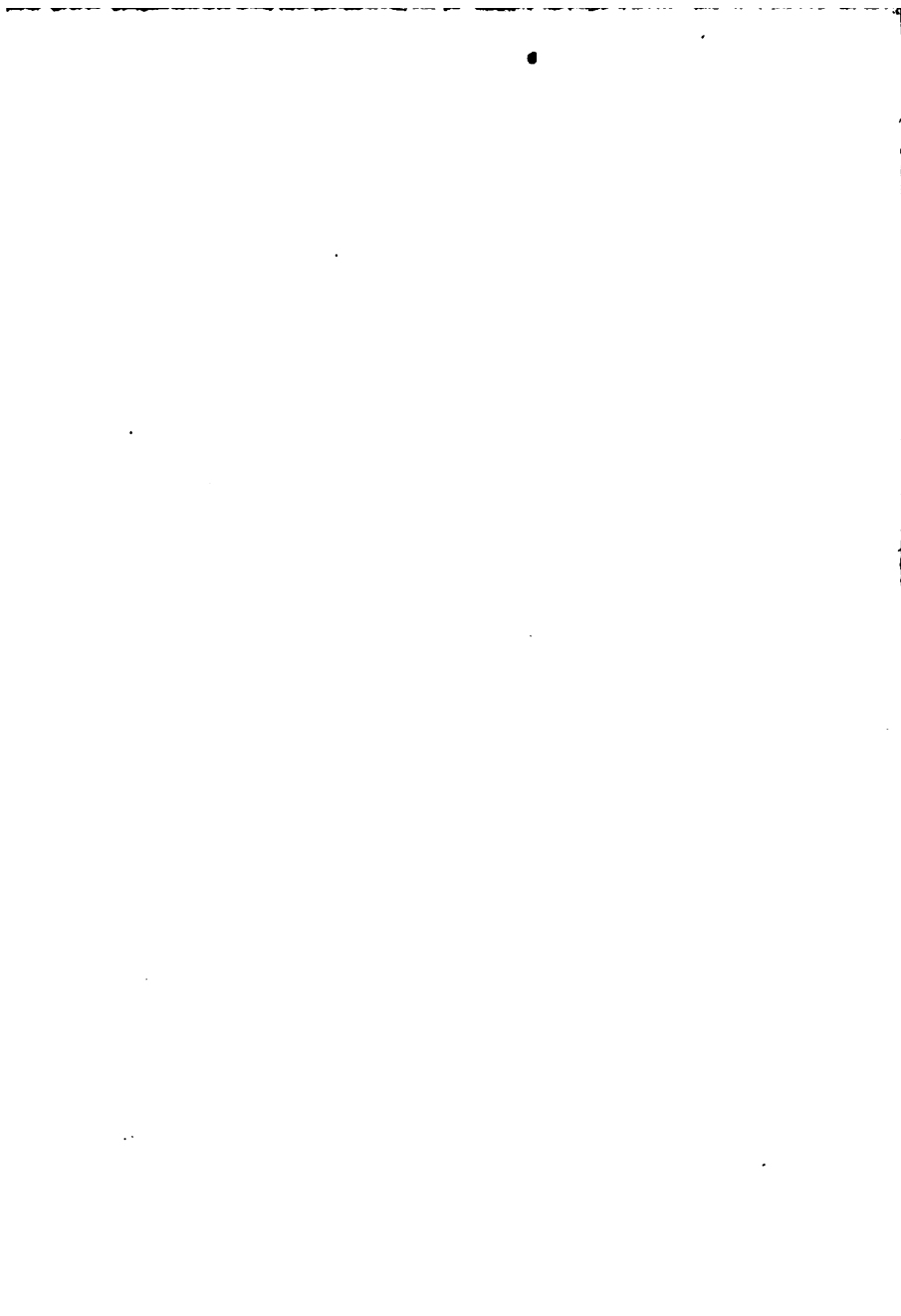
LYRICS.

While unremembered here and blown
Along the way; neglected, grown
 So sorely flushed
And withered now, thou art alone,
 Forgotten, crushed.

The dew just lingers as a dear
Remembrance where some angel tear
 Was suffered start.
Did someone injure Nature here
 And break her heart?



**SONGS
OF
HOPE.**



I.

WAYFARING onward ever
From dream to dream, we stray
Into the morrow country,
Out of the yesterday

Of all remembrance, leaving
The frontiers of distress
Behind where some divinely
Beckoning happiness,

Over the dawning moment
Of darkness, shall fulfill
The great dream of the daring,
Indomitable Will.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

II.

LORD of the sun's blue-domed pavilion;
Now in the heart of the whole world
over,
Grant, O grant for a toiling million,
The wistful wish of a jocund rover!

Grant Thou and give unto whom belongs,
When the dream of a perfect day departs,
An urging joy for a thousand songs—
With the song of Hope for a thousand hearts.

SONGS OF HOPE.

III.

THE world has slowly beckoned;
The time—the time has come;
Once more we say farewell
In the little Western home.

Once more the old hills vanish;
The faces all retire
Once more, and Hope seems only
The urgency of desire.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

IV.

HOPE, in its dominance, may part
Or raise the heavy lids of day;
Love, under sentence of delay,
Brings sickness to the heart.

And somewhere filled with ecstasy,
While your hand touches mine, a chant
Rises melodious, resonant—
O like a calling sea!

SONGS OF HOPE.

V.

ALONE have you come, and to me
You have brought through the silent night
One Hope for the dream and a bright
Sun-touch for its memory:

You have brought like a Spring—the dew;
And the Gatherer of the hours,
From the fairest dreams of the flowers,
Will gather thoughts of you.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

VI.

THE woods shall mourn, and Autumn, wan
With maladies, shall go;
The roses may forget their own
Glad-heartedness, but O

You came with Hope, and while to-day
At eventide we stand,
This pledge, your loveliest and last,
Rests warmly in my hand!

SEA SONGS.

I.

LOVE, look less wistfully out thro' the night!
Still as the whirling gold galaxies flee,
Quelled with remembrance and wild with delight,
Beats the strong heart of the sea.

Yea, as the fierce wind arises and fills
Full of drenched foam, share a shelter with
me
Still while in darkness now calling the hills,
Rings the great cry of the sea!

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

II.

ONE hour the year's great secret dwells,
At Autumn's crimson close,
Upon her murmurous lips and quells
The passion of the rose.

While in Thy veins of purest snow
A sun-white fervency
Runs riotous as from some slow
Insistence of the sea.

SEA SONGS.

III.

In Memoriam.

BENEATH the stars one ocean sleeps
In dreamless solitude, and one
Croons as the Dawn from bright arms leaps
Where nestled she against the sun.

No longer comes an angel voice,
An angel voice no longer goes,
Nor bids the crimson woods rejoice,
Nor wakes the wonder of the rose.



CAPRICES.



OBERON AND TITANIA.

(Masque.)

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.	MOONLIGHT.
SIRENUS.	RAINDROP.
FANCY.	JACK FROST.
SUNBEAM.	ZEPHYR.

Elves, Fairies, and Pixies.

SCENE.—Midnight in Arden Forest.

The King and Queen of the Fairies discovered before an open space on canopied thrones of leaves and flowers. A bordering rivulet wandering out beneath the trees as over running laughter. The forest bathed in moonlight. Robin Goodfellow approaches as

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

PROLOGUE.

Now raise conjectural fancies of a time
When Nature, worn with dark and feverous hours,
Resumes her quiet restfulness. All air
Is hushed save where the far-off chanticleer
Shrilly assails, across the meadow-farms,
Some neighboring countryside. The oaks do
muse;

The drowsy alders sway—while trooping forth
With Oberon and Queen Titania
O'erskipping intervening oceans from
The Thulé caves, these elfin companies
Adorn our moving pantomime as shapes
And shadows of a maiden's fantasies.
Antique, capricious, humorous and droll
Embodied meanings, not unnatural
Around the forest, gather into view;
While slowly onward, as the spirits pass,
Oblivion's smile attends a weary world
Adown wide corridors of dreams and peace.

Elves and Fairies appear during the prologue and, after a few measures, disperse dimly among the trees.

CAPRICES.

OBERON.

Aha! My leal, incony travelers,
Come hither!

ALL.

Alder-liefest Oberon!

OBERON.

As midnight creeps away, while darkness veils
The towering shoulders of the universe,
Once more from viewless habitations far
Away, while weaving dreams of happiness
On soft, inviting pillows of repose
In Greece and India, my starry host
Of sympathizing little ones that soothe
Misfortunes weeping over loneliness,
All welcome once more to the bosky slopes
Of Arden!

TITANIA.

O Arden, where all the elves
Of Elfland dwelt in happy days of yore,
Ere the sweet Swan of Avon sailed away
On shoreless seas of glory!

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

SIRENUS.

Ever since
Then, Summer wanders sadly down the world
As mourning over beautiful romance
That is no more. The nights are empty now
Of all midsummer dreams, and hunters on
The elfin hills of Fancy far between.

FANCY.

Ah me, ah me! Since then!

OBERON.

Since then, truly
The hurrah of the world bewilders those
Who shuffle off the burr of gravity
In Periodical forgetfulness
Nathless, my tricky revelers of night,
All now take hands and merrily each sprite,
Relating quaint adventures, toss a purse
Of Fairy money to the universe
Down yonder slumbering: the death of Mirth
And burial of Joy was Sorrow's birth.

CAPRICES.

*All take hands, dancing mazy
measures in the moonlight, and
merrily troll the lullaby.*

High and low, rocking slow
In their cradles airily,
Rook and wren slumber when
Over Arden warily
We do wander down the night,
To the left and to the right
Wheeling O as we go
Tripping onward fairly
While Time fiddles merrily.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Canes and crutches! Pff! A reeling measure
For one so heavy. Tavern ingles! So.

OBERON.

A finger-length of immortality.
Come hither, Fancy—now while yonder owl
Grows hoarse declaiming in the wilderness
At intervals, assail thy memory

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Or tame the whistling coursers of the air
For swift conveyance to thy provinces.
Whither away, most beauteous spirit?

FANCY.

Mounting always on some sky
Voyage of discovery,
As a falcon soars, to rule
Quarries of the beautiful;
Now on earth, then far away
Through the flaming gates of day
Into Paradise I dare
Venture sailing over bare,
Wind-walled turrets of the air
Everywhere, everywhere.

TITANIA.

Prithee, remember Lucifer!

OBERON.

And know
Thy utmost power, for they fall indeed
Who dwell among the stars. Aha, Sunbeam!

CAPRICES.

SUNBEAM.

On some Oriental course
Drifting down the universe,
As a priest in summer bowers
Gayly marrying the flowers,
Or awakening with mirth
Blossoms dreaming in the earth;
While dissolving to explore,
Warmly, every apple-core,
Marshaling the clouds I soar
Evermore, evermore.

OBERON.

A most warm-hearted fellow, so.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

A cross

Between red-haired Apollo and his wise
Old universal smile when Bacchus made
Oblivion out of wine. Diana jumped

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Across the Zodiac and fled before
The reeling stars down Watling Street.

TITANIA.

No more,
Robin, no more! Wee minion of the moon,
Come this way! Whither hast thou wandered all
Night long amid the starry wilderness?

MOONLIGHT.

Melancholy, sweet and lone
As a vision, I have strown
Silvery lilies on the grass
Where all happy lovers pass
Quickening the stars above
All the earth with kisses of
Passion and the queen of love.

OBERON.

Examine into this most carefully,
Robin. Omit no detail, for the times
Are dislocated certainly.

CAPRICES.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Ho, ho!

No Mantuan swain need bawl for clemency
To-morrow.

OBERON.

Well said. Hither, reveler!

RAINDROP.

Every evening as each
Of the little children reach
Sleepytown almost, the fleet,
Rainy patterings of feet,
In the summer-time aloof
Over attics, furnish proof
Of the Fairies on the roof.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Aha-ha! Rogues and rascals multiply
As famously as mortals quarreling
With Fortune.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

TITANIA.

All which shamefully deceives
The melancholy Bishop on the verge
Of hospitality when summer showers
Delay unwary travelers.

OBERON.

Sessa!
Cogs-wounds, enough! Assoil this icicle
Before his shadow freezes on the ground.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Good-lack!

OBERON.

Out, out! Elbow the atmosphere,
Robin, or study thy nativity
With extreme heedfulness. An patience proves
A weary mare, thy dignity will limp
As painfully as modern pensioners
Applying for a competence.

CAPRICES.

In times
Of peace, all scars are coinable. The wise
Man with his honesty must cool
Impatient heels before the reigning fool,
As the old adage paces.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Honesty,
Of wide acquaintance, meets with villainous,
Low, fat and greasy citizens among
Corporeal multitudes.

TITANIA.

Aha-ha! Views
That smack of observation, but a most
Threadbare philosophy. Hush, hush! A still,
Small, rimy voice craves audience.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Egad!
A walking relic of antiquity.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

JACK FROST.

Appearing to mortal view
A translated drop of dew,
Soldering rebellious years
As with penitential tears,
Many evenings on the ricks,
While the scheming stars plan tricks
Overhead to trip the day,
Boreas and Frosty lay
Dreaming winter-time away.

OBERON.

As worthy children of Medusa or
Perhaps some petrified metonymy
Delivered shivering. Uncommon things
Have been discredited before.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

The most
Improbable seem most probable.

CAPRICES.

TITANIA.

More

Reverence, good fellow! Midnight ambles on
Impetuously. Before Aurora lays
Her rosy fingers on the draperies
Of Paradise, one and all fairly
Follow Zephyr airily.

ZEPHYR.

Over hills and dales I go
Hither, thither, to and fro
Even as a mystery
In some wilderness of glee,
All day long distributing
Breezy songs the twittering
Orioles and linnets sing.

TITANIA.

A gracious spirit surely!

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

OBERON.

Ariel

Arrayed in sorry pantomime or more
Probably some imp of Nature. Nature
Ever was as varying as the air
Consoling Mother Maudlin.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Fickleness

Is a feminine virtue. Nothing more!
For there, descending from the balcony
Of yonder mountain summits visibly—
Behold, behold once more across the hills
Apollo walks down from the Orient!
The slumbering universe awakes! Day, day
Is at the door!

OBERON.

Away!

CAPRICES.

TITANIA.

Away!

ALL.

Away!

*As day breaks over the forest,
the birds are heard singing and,
with a quaint device, the spirits
all mysteriously vanish.*

THE SISTERS.

Night, in the chambered east,
Sits with Dawn at the door.
Dropped from her golden feast,
Star-crumbs scatter the floor.

Mice, from behind the sun,
Patter along the sky;
Nibbling the crumbs they run
Touching with footprints shy.

Echoes of purring sound
Over the world below;
Nothing more to be found,
Scamper—away they go!

CAPRICES.

Dawn, in the chambered east,
Sits by an open door.
Night has gone from the feast ;
Barren of crumbs the floor.

AN UMBEL FOR SPRING.

Hear the Days come marching on
 Noon by noon,
Stealing down the starry lawn
 All with boon,
Laughing lips the sunlight presses
As they shake their golden tresses
 Round the moon.

Dawning human blushes race
 Everywhere and run
Over many a rosy face,
 As the sun
 Rises and
 Fills the land
With a warm and purple haze.

CAPRICES.

Voices in the waters throng
Once more chorusing a song
All the happy elves are singing
 Far and near,
As the season passes winging
 Down the year.

Perfumes seem forever flowing
In sweet rivers through the air,
While the elfin horns are blowing
 Everywhere:
 Even as the wind translates
 Into unknown tongues a lay,
 Serenading
 Maiden Spring
Paying toll at all the gates
Where the caravans of May
Strike their dewy, southern tents,
Delicate with woven scents.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

Breaking camp
With muted tramp;
Marching nearer past the gleaming,
Idle rivers southward dreaming
Weird and quaintly;
All so faintly
Chanting unto Spring
Songs that men may never sing.

While the timid buds peep out
Of the tents now pitched about
In the grasses,
Where the south-wind guards the passes,
Breezy voices, unafraid in
View of lofty
Spirits, softly
Murmur while the queenly maiden,
Giving hostages of flowers
To the golden, Circean hours,
Passes near—
Winging, winging, winging down the year.

INSCRIPTION.

A wayside loiterer, it will be said,
Who held in reverence the lowly flower;
A wanderer, whose dreams were bread,
While roving on to the last hour

Of that inevitable evening, far away
O where some mountain rivulet may tell
Its pebbly rosaries! shall stay
And wave to thee and wish thee well.



THIS IS THE END OF
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